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Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 23, 1940. | 77th Year.

A Great Leader Passes On

Canada's Prime Minister Pays Moving Tribute to Lord Tweedsmuir:

IN the passing of His Excellency, Lord Tweedsmuir, the people of Canada have lost one of the greatest and most revered of their governors-general, and a friend who from the day of his arrival in this country dedicated his life to their service.

To his great task Lord Tweedsmuir brought wisdom, experience, the grace of words and a generosity of heart which found expression in a wide human sympathy and understanding. He came to know and to share the feelings and aspirations of the Canadian people in all parts of the Dominion. He visited them on many occasions in the east, in the west, and in the far north, and was never happier than when he shared the simplicities of their joys and their labors.

Out of that knowledge and understanding there came an enthusiasm for this country, its institutions, its traditions and its people almost unique in our history. And if Lord Tweedsmuir knew the Canadian people as few, if any, governor-general had known them before, the Canadian people learned to know him and to hold him in unsurpassed affection.

* * * * *

THERE is not a home in our Dominion which will not be saddened by the loss which our country has sustained; not a part of the British Commonwealth of Nations which will not recognize our bereavement as its own. The world itself has suffered in the passing of one whose great sympathies and talents were dedicated to the service of mankind.

* * * * *

HE was, like so many great men of his race, a son of the manse. Christian ideals moulded his life and guided his foosteps; and it is an inspiration to recall that, on his last public appearance as Governor-General of this country, one week ago today, he read the lesson in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in his city of Ottawa, humbly proclaiming to all men his unshaken belief in the faith of his fathers.

In the discharge of every public duty, Lord Tweedsmuir was fidelity itself. Cut off as he has been at the height of his powers, one can only believe that in the providence of God, he had completed the work which here it had been given him to do.

(Please turn to Page 2.)

JOHN, BARON TWEEDSMUIR OF ELSFIELD,
P.C., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., C.H., Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, 1935 — 1940.

* * *

"Canada never can compete in numbers with the United States. Her job is quality, not quantity; not a vast population, but a race of elect and splendid men and women who will be lightbearers in the world and such men and women can be trusted to use for the right ends her incredibly rich natural resources."—Tweedsmuir.

Spiritual Frontiers

In his address as Chancellor of Edinburgh University, Lord Tweedsmuir said:

"There are still many physical frontiers in the world, border-lines beyond which lies the little-known. . . . But, more important, there are the spiritual frontiers, the horizons of the mind. We are still frontiersmen in a true sense, for we are domiciled on the edge of mystery, and have to face novelties more startling than any which confronted the old pioneers. Our youth, living on a spiritual frontier, still needs all the audacity and fortitude of the pioneer. As I see it, there is ample room for the spirit of adventure, and for the discipline behind it which makes adventure fruitful."

A Great Leader

(Continued from Page 1.)

To the King, in the passing of His Majesty's representative in our Dominion, our country extends an expression of its profound sorrow. No sovereign ever confided a great trust to a more faithful servant.

To Her Excellency, the Lady Tweedsmuir, to her daughter, to her three sons who today serve their King as their father did before them, Canada offers its deepest sympathy on this day of national mourning.

* * * * *

CANADA was proud to have in her midst a great scholar who touched life at so many places and touched nothing which he did not adorn.

Lord Tweedsmuir's books brought refreshment, enlightenment and solace to hundreds of thousands of our citizens. His speeches, which always enshrined the best thoughts uttered in the best way, were models of matter and form.

Whether he was speaking to learned societies, to professional organizations, to old Canadians in the east, or to today's Canadians in the West, he gave to them an inspired vision of the strength of democracy and of the true meaning of nationhood. Many a fisherman and farmer, prospector and trapper will mourn, in his passing, the loss of a great-hearted gentleman, who once brought humor, humanity and sympathy to the lonely places of this broad land.

As a poet, a biographer and a teller of tales, he never forgot that the true end of literature is "the notation of the human heart."

* * * * *

AT the beginning of the century, Lord Tweedsmuir had been one of that brotherhood of farsighted men who worked for racial reconciliation and national freedom in South Africa.

His experience, joined with his knowledge of history and his intuitive appreciation of the nature of free British institutions, had equipped him ideally as the direct constitutional Canadian representative of His Majesty the King. From the correct conception of that high office, he never departed, in thought, word, act or deed.

Lord Tweedsmuir's own career was an inspiration to Canadian youth. His courage, his perseverance, his steadfastness of purpose and his amazing industry seemed to typify the virtues of the Scottish race at their noblest and best.

Within a frame that was never robust was set an indomitable heart. He found time and energy to become a soldier, a statesman, a historian, a poet, a novelist, an orator and a man of affairs.

* * * * *

MANY will recall Lord Tweedsmuir's recent rectorial address to the University of Edinburgh. Taking his title from Pilgrim's Progress, he called it "The Interpreter's House." In it, at its conclusion, he asked, for the members of his university, the answer to the prayer of Socrates "Grant to me to become beautiful inwardly, and that all my outward goods may prosper my inner soul."

I have often thought how abundantly that prayer was answered in the life of His Excellency himself. Wherever he had his habitation in Canada, whether in Rideau Hall or in the Citadel of Quebec, or under any roof great or humble, that habitation became also "The Interpreter's House." For all his great arts and talents, wherever he was, were devoted to an understanding of the people, and to the interpretation of all that was best in French and English, east and west, New Canada and old Canada.

On more than one occasion Lord Tweedsmuir expressed the wish that he might be truly called a Canadian. Hundreds of thousands of our citizens who came under the influence of his wise gentleness and his humble courtesy were more than willing to claim him as their own. I am sure he would be proud that his epitaph graven on the hearts of our people should mark the grief of Canada at the loss of her adopted son who knew her ways and loved them.—W. L. Mackenzie King.

* * * * *

A Living Memorial

The Canadian Author says of the late Governor-General:

Lord Tweedsmuir's death removes a great citizen of the English-speaking world. His services to Canada cannot be measured in ordinary terms. His legacy to us becomes an inspiring challenge . . to look beyond the present and material world to 'the spiritual frontiers, the horizons of the mind.' If we do this, in grateful remembrance, Lord Tweedsmuir's living memorial will be permanently established in the hearts of the Canadian people, as it is already established and secure in the hearts of those who cherish these things.

—E. F. G.

A Great Man's Religion

LORD TWEEDSMUIR, a "son of the manse," was an elder in the Presbyterian Church and a man of deep personal religion. The following is an excerpt from his address to the Pan-Presbyterian Congress in Montreal a few years ago:—

"The essentials of religion can never change. There is still for every man the choice of two paths and 'conversion' in its plain evangelical sense is still the greatest fact in any life.

Today there is a tendency to smooth away all concrete Christian dogmas into a vague theism or a vaguer pantheism and to flatten out the fine lines of Christian ethics with pious sentiment.

"The foundation of our faith is not only 'God is Love.' It is still more the tremendous historical fact that **"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'**

"We need a quickened sense of sin, a profounder realization of the majesty and purity of God."

Poor Man's Fortune

By ARTHUR T. RICH

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READERS HAVE MET

DONALD FAIRBAIRN, handsome young Canadian, inheritor of a Poor Man's Fortune from his father, JOHN FAIRBAIRN, whose dying wish is that Donald return to Glasgow, Scotland and make good where his father failed.

ROBERT FAIRBAIRN, Donald's uncle, respected, wealthy Glasgow ship-builder, who is not at all anxious to help his young nephew.

JEAN FAIRBAIRN, Robert's step-daughter. She invites Donald to lunch and tells him of a scheme of hers which may change his whole life.

ARNOLD M'NAIR, tall, handsome, earnest young minister, whose aid Jean's father enlists in winning her back to the church, secretly hoping to make a match between them. Jean asks Arnold to visit her "shelter" for the unemployed, of which Donald is warden.

JOCK CAMPBELL, fiery young Communist has been giving Donald some trouble. Then Donald rescues him from gangsters and saves him from going to jail. Then Jock repays this kindness by warning Jean and Donald that Robert Fairbairn has turned the rougher-class men against them. A riot is started and the "Shelter" is destroyed by fire, Donald and Jean barely escaping. Donald, now out of work, tries hard to get a worthwhile job. Meeting with continued failure he gets completely discouraged. Jean enlists the aid of Arnold M'Nair.

"GOOD evening, Miss Fairbairn. Sorry to break in like this. I wanted to see your father about one or two little matters. You heard, of course, that we had a disagreement over the dance-band. I hope er—I hope you do not feel the matter personally."

Jean smiled. "On the contrary, Mr. M'Nair, I rather admire you for taking a stand. Dance-bands are all right in their place, but I always had the idea that the church was the place for soul culture. The church has nothing to gain in seeking to compete with professional entertainers. I don't often go to church—but I think the church ought to be the church and not a penny-gaff."

"I'm glad you look at things in that way," he said earnestly. "I'm having a hard fight just now. I wish—er—I wish you'd come along and help me. I believe you could do such a lot of good with your gifts—you'll pardon me, of course, but—"

Jean smiled again. "I'm afraid I'm one of the backsliders. In fact, you know my opinion of the kirk. I profess I'm an agnostic—I'm not sure whether there is a personal God or not—and I've the type of mind which prefers to keep itself in abeyance over such matters. A training in philosophy makes it rather difficult to believe, don't you think?"

* * *

IT was strange how humble he had become these days. "I'm afraid I'm not much of a scholar, Miss Fairbairn. But I have made the discovery that all philosophy only serves to demonstrate the bankruptcy of life unless it is possible to pass on to a final philosophy—to make Christianity the ultimate religion. All human endeavour is but a crying for the moon unless Christ be God—at least, that is what my studies have taught me—"

Jean looked at him quickly. She saw the new man in him; knew in that instant how lost, how in the dark she was without some solid ground to rest upon. She needed advice, help, guidance.

Suddenly she found herself saying, "Look here, Mr. M'Nair. I want your help—I need it terribly—I'm in deep, deep waters—"

"Yes?" he asked her anxiously.

"I want you to help me find Donald Fairbairn. I don't know where he is—what he is doing—and I—I— feel so helpless, so alone. You're a minister. You believe in seeking the lost sheep don't you?" And when he nodded, "I want you to help me find Donald Fairbairn and bring him back to a new vision of life and himself. He's doubting all things—even himself just now. It'd be a glorious piece of Christian work."

The minister gripped her hand. "I'll be delighted to help," he said with deep feeling. "I'll pray about it and put my shoulder to the wheel at once."

"I've more faith in your shoulder than in prayer," Jean told him lightly. "But still, if you think prayer can help at all, pray by all means."

* * *

ROBERT FAIRBAIRN was in self-congratulatory mood. Everything was working together for good. He supposed it was because he loved God.

The balance sheet was looking better than it had for years. His shipyard was not the type of place the authorities would select for the building of a Queen Mary, but still, it had been the scene of much activity during the past year. Things were improving.

Sitting at his desk in state he invented turns of phrase for the next shareholders' meeting.

"Gentlemen," he would be able to say," the tide of prosperity is definitely on the turn. That tide is coming soon to the flood (he pictured imaginary cheers here—much clapping of hands) and when the tide runs strong there is a time in human affairs when fortune favours (more cheers—more claps) has not the great poet said, "There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune'? On that flood, gentlemen, your fortunes are now being borne.

"For the first time since the war years the dividend will be—" He stopped here in the flight of imagined eloquence, not because he had nothing further to say, but because he wondered if after all the amount was just a little too high. He thought he would deduct a further sixpence—they would not miss sixpence a share.

Yes. Life was bright to-day. Fortune was smiling. He was managing the shareholders, he was managing the workers, he was keeping the minister in his place, he was managing Jean, and best of all that upstart nephew of his had taken himself off.

Robert Fairbairn looked out on life with great gratification. Every cloud had floated by. Even if Donald Fairbairn knew anything—but then, he could not, otherwise he would not have taken himself off as he had. That was the worst shadow of all well out of the way.

As for everything else—well, he'd shown the City what he was made of. They had looked upon him as a bit of a fool over that court case—but that was all forgotten now. The Evening News had reported his last speech in full.

* * *

IT was at this point in his meditations that his secretary entered after knocking discreetly.

"There's a young man outside—says he must see you at once—matter most urgent—very important—"

"What's his name?"

"He won't give it."

"Ask him what he wants."

"He won't say, sir."

"Well, tell him to write. He hasn't an appointment. After a job I suppose. He looks that sort?"

"He does, Mr. Fairbairn. But he says it's most important he should see you."

"Tell him to take himself off. I'm busy."

"Yes, sir." The clerk withdrew with the sleekness and silence of a cat.

Robert Fairbairn returned to the composition of his speech. "I am glad to be able to inform you, gentlemen, that plant machinery alone are valued higher than in previous years. After making all allowancs for replacements, dilapidations, and even after transferring a large sum from the Sinking Repair Fund I am able to state—"

But what it was he was able to state could not at that moment be known. There was the sound of a scuffle outside and breaking of glass. The clerk, looking less sleek and quite unlike a domestic cat now, came running in with frightened concern all over his face.

"It's that young man. He can fight like a prize boxer. He says he's going to force his way in—"

"He does, does he? Then—"

Fairbairn paused with his hand on the telephone. Donald had dashed in, pursued by several of the clerks. "So it's you is it? Come after a job again? Wait until I get the Central Police Station—"

"Uncle, you must listen—this is most important—to-night—"

(Continued on Page 4.)

"You're starving, I suppose. And if you can't get a job would I advance a little towards bed and breakfast? The usual thing they all say."

"I came to warn you—"

But Donald had no opportunity to speak the full sentence. Others had hurried in behind him. Many hands seized him. Somebody threw a sack over his head. He was carried out struggling. He heard his uncle say in muffled tones, "That's right—put him outside—none too gently. I've had trouble with that young man before."

Donald gritted his teeth. Well, if his uncle would not be warned that was his lookout—he had done his best. He did not struggle now. He was not going to worry his head any more.

"All right," he shouted, "I'll go quietly. I tried to do your boss a good turn. He can take the full responsibility now—"

The men released him with a laugh, gave him parting kicks. "You're lucky you weren't handed over to the police," said one.

He flung out of the main gates sulkily. He had taken a great risk to warn his uncle of the coming riot. This was all the thanks he got. Oh well—"I'll not—". Then he stopped thinking the thought through.

Three roughs were awaiting him a few yards from the works. "So this is the way you repay Jock Campbell's kindness, is it?" asked one with blasphemy and oaths. "You need to be taught something you won't forget in a hurry."

And with that he raised his arm, brought down on Donald's cap with cruel force a heavy bottle he carried.

Donald, unprepared, dropped like a log.

* * *

TO this day they talk about the mass attack on Fairbairn's shipyard.

It seemed that for an hour or two the lowest elements in human nature were unleashed. Here was a horde bent on blind destruction. Hatred was the driving principle. The shouting mob, led by Jock Campbell, was as rough an example of mass psychology as could be seen anywhere in the world.

It was no pretty sight to see that unruly horde in conflict with the police, utterly out of control, intent only on destruction, on the night of the great fire at Fairbairn's

By the light of blazing sheds, flaring offices and equipment in flames, the orgy of destruction was illuminated. It was devil's work, and the ruddy glow of the flames added to the whole scene a peculiarly sinister effect—appropriate, too, for Satanic actions of this kind. Breathlessly the wreckers struggled hand to hand with the representatives of law and order, hoarsely their cries sounded out—cries in which the Means Test, the Church, and Fairbairn were cursed in a confusion of mixed invective.

And within a shelter, withdrawn from sight stood Robert Fairbairn. The picture of Hell was complete. There was, that night, weeping and gnashing of teeth — the first was metaphorical, the last actual. He stood there, afraid for his life, afraid to show himself to the mob for one instant, realising, with a stab of hatred in his soul, that the work of years had been overthrown within the space of an hour.

Fairbairn had the sense of self-preservation, but to all intents and purposes he was a raging lunatic. He cursed the police, he cursed the men, he cursed the Universe, he cursed his God! The veneer that for years had covered the true man of the heart was blistered off by the heat of those two fires; the one raging in the yard, and the other raging within his soul.

As brain and soul are closely identified; as mental and spiritual conditions affect the blood; as the digestion effects every physical condition of man, so the raging of his spirit changed his very appearance. Blood was pumped to his face and forehead, the brain becoming overcharged brought him to the verge of apoplexy—he reeled, he fell.

Later on it was said that the shock of the riot and the destruction of his yard had been too much for him. None looked deeper and saw that anger, self-pity, sin, had hastened the break-down. For what Robert Fairbairn had needed for years was not a doctor of medicine, but a soul-doctor.

In the shadows Fairbairn dwelt for days attended by the watchful Jean. In a state of delirium he muttered the story of his inner life, his hopes, his fears, his consciousness of sin. She tried not to listen, but the girl could not help doing so.

There were times when he was a boy with his brother. Times when he spoke of early struggles, thwarted hopes, mistaken ways, false starts. There were times, too, when he trod the upland ways, saw from afar the City Splendid agleam in the sunshine of early hope. He spoke of the quiet beauty about Loch Katrine, he recited snatches of Scott, quoted the Psalms, recalled, in passages of superb phrasing, some of the long-forgotten sermons of his youth.

There were times, too, when he spoke of troubles, of drifting in dark seas, of struggling painfully along the dark valleys of humiliating experience. He told the story of all that he had suppressed through the long years of life—

Jean, looking on, listening, was amazed. It was as if a film was unwinding itself before her eyes. She was seeing the man as he had hoped to be, as he had intended to be.

It was her first contact with the strange phenomenon of the self-expression of the sub-conscious mind when the cellar door is left open because the conscious mind has not the power of keeping it closed. She realised, as never before, the truth that "Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter, feelings lie buried—": she saw it as true psychology if there ever was such a thing.

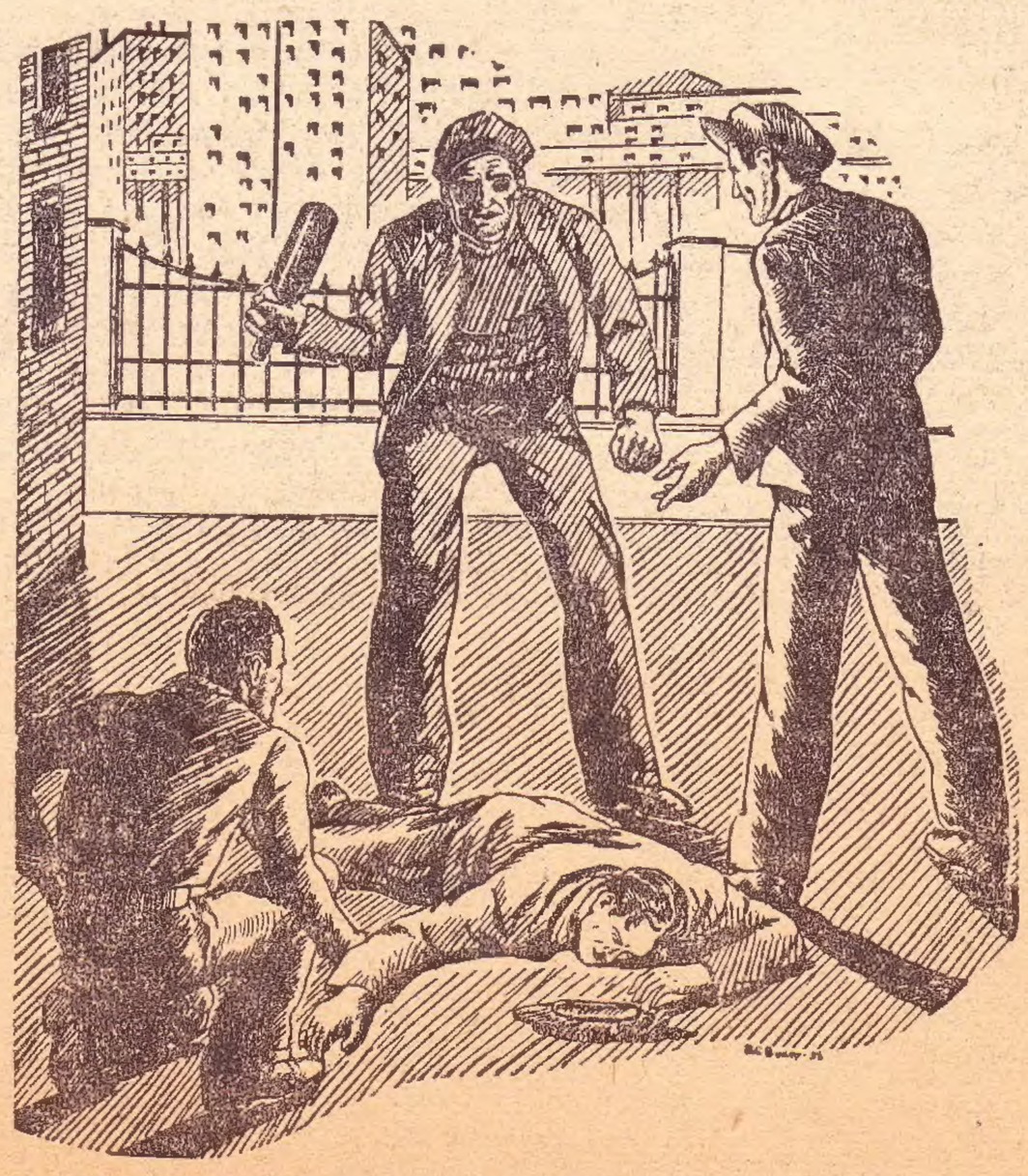
Then one night, as he began to speak in the silence of the sick room, Jean thought she could not listen to any more, but something he said arrested her attention and breathlessly she heard him out to the end.

What she heard caused her hand to tremble, her cheek to blanch. It accounted, too, for her hurried visit next day to the Manse.

JEAN never knew how it happened. She found herself on the following Sunday sitting in church—the first time since she had embraced her agnostic creed under the influence of her philosoph-studies.

Why had she come? She did not know. What did she expect? She could not tell. What was the hunger within that brought her to her father's pew?

(To Be Continued.)



DONALD, UNPREPARED, DROPPED LIKE A LOG.

John Buchan

Tweedsmuir

REV. ALEXANDER FERGUSON in his memorial address at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, said:

There are many excellent qualities in Lord Tweedsmuir's character on which one might dwell—his profound learning, his literary talents, his ability in business, his statesmanship as shown in his distinguished war service with the British Cabinet, and later in his remarkable grasp of Canadian affairs. Today I feel I must emphasize one unique and very personal quality—his victorious spirit.

Lord Tweedsmuir, like many other great men, was one who for many years knew pain as an almost constant companion, yet he was able, by a supreme effort of the will, to guard undimmed that liveliness and charming gaiety that so endeared him to all. Life always seemed more radiant when one had been in his company.

His career is a great record of achievement, of diligence, application and conscientious work. But it is a record, too, of cheerful fortitude in the face of physical frailty.

Courage! Ah, there's a quality men most admire. We saw it exercised daily in this life now finished. We salute in death that gallant heart, that victorious spirit.

(Photo by courtesy of Canadian Authors' Association.)

Northern Messenger

WEEKLY

Founded by John Dougall, 1864

Continuing the Canadian Messenger and Journal of Missions founded by John Dougall, (1855-7). Revived, 1864 as Canadian Messenger, Present title adopted, 1876

Printed and published by

JOHN DOUGALL & SON

(Frederick Eugene Dougall, surviving member of the firm)

at 360 Craig St. W., Montreal, Canada.

A Christian adventure for the whole family the Northern Messenger has for several generations been loved by young and old.

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Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

FEBRUARY 23, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : I make mention of you always in my prayers.—Rom. 1:9
Mon. : When ye stand praying, forgive.—Mark 11:25
Tue. : Praying and confessing.—Dan. 9:20
Wed. : Praying in the Holy Ghost.—Jude 20
Thu. : I exhort that prayers be made for all men.—1 Tim. 2:1
Fri. : When ye pray, believe.—Mark 11:24
Sat. : Lord, teach us to pray.—Luke 11:1

We desperately need the power of God, the plan of God, the wisdom of God, applied personally and nationally.—Tryst, Australia.

"When God takes Control, our everyday problems find a new solution."

Bible reading is receiving God's message for us and prayer is fellowship with our Father.—M. P. (Missionary in India).

"Not idealism, but God-guided reality can meet new problems."

To find the moral and spiritual equivalent of war, normal peace-time activity should mean spiritual warfare, with God as Commander-in-Chief for the conquest and colonization of nations.—Calvary Evangel.

Found

We sometimes speak of a person who has "found himself." We actually mean that he has become aware of the noblest aspects of his own personality, and his possible place and mission in life. He has found his God. He is a redeemed possession of the Father.—Advance.

The American Bible Society has issued over 253,847,000 volumes of the Scriptures, in 272 languages, dialects, and versions, including 24 languages and systems for the blind. Its work covers the United States and more than 40 foreign countries. The Scriptures have been furnished in over 130 languages for use in the United States.

Daily Bread

GOD is mindful of our basic needs. He knows our real needs before we ask him.

In the resources of the earth, in the aspirations of our spirits, and in the revelations of his love and grace, he has provided the bread for abundant living.

My task today is to be an honest steward of his bounty.

Blessed is the man who discovers fresh disclosures of God in the familiar experiences of life. In the giving of bread "their eyes were opened to know him."

God help me this day to behold Thee in the commonplace happenings and in the supply of simple but basic needs.—A. D. Stauffacher.

Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven forever in the work of the world.—RUSKIN.

Courage is generosity of the highest order, for the brave are prodigal of the most precious things.—Colton.

Conscience warns us as a friend before it punishes us as judge.—Stanislaus.

Lord Tweedsmuir: In Memoriam

Valiant of heart, he gave no thought to fame,
But ever strove to serve, and, serving made
Humanity his friend; his guiding star:
"In honour's name."

His were the genial smile, the unlifted head,
The kindly way, the understanding soul,
The stimulating word that, rightly said,
Makes sick minds whole.

In native worth of simple dignity
He went his way. He did his task, and died.
Passing, he leaves a fragrant memory,—
Loyalty sanctified.

—In the Montreal Star.

The Greater Peace

By the late BISHOP BURROUGHS.

Great God, Who, as in days of yore,
Art Prince of Peace and Lord of war,
Come forth! the whole round world
awaits
The opening of Thy mercy gates.

Betwixt us and our Promised Land
New shapes of danger darkly stand:
'Tis not enough that war should cease,
Till from ourselves we find release.

Till human wills are made Divine,
No sun of righteousness can shine
Nor any peace on earth begin
Till God has triumphed o'er man's sin.

Therefore, Thou King of old, come
down;
Burn up our baseness with Love's
frown;
Bid men by brothers' blood set free,
Be brothers round one Calvary.

Or, if we turn not, teach again
The nations in new schools of pain,
Till from some dark, chastizing rod
Blossoms at last the Peace of God.

—*C. E. N.*

An Undivided Church

"There must be a new alignment of the Christian forces of the world. A deep conviction has settled upon my heart of recent years—the conviction that the Church will never be able to do its proper work, that Christianity will never effect its Divine purpose until the Christian Churches of the world draw closer together in the bonds of union. The Church has lost her leadership in the moral and spiritual realms very largely because of her unhappy divisions."—Right Rev. J. L. Robinson, Moderator of Presbyterian Church of New Zealand.

"What you learn in one failure you utilize in your next success."—Henry Ford.

The surest way to lose a friend is to try to deceive one.

Communion

My God and is Thy table spread
And doth Thy cup with love o'er-
flow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all thy sweetness know.

O let Thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful
guests;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

—*Rev. P. Doddridge.*

Young People's Bible Reading

The Upper Room

by BARAN

For Sunday
Mar. 3, 1940.
Matthew 26: 17-30.

WEDNESDAY of Holy Week our Lord seems to have spent in retirement either in the home in Bethany or among the olives of the mountain side. We may reverently think of Him preparing for the final ordeal by communion with His Heavenly Father.

The Passover was the greatest of the Jewish Feasts. It commemorated their deliverance from Egypt (Ex. 12). All Jews who could do so celebrated it in Jerusalem. It is said that sometimes a million were in the city or were camping on the surrounding hills.

That we may have a better picture of this wonderful evening let us read the account in all four Gospels, not forgetting all the loving words in St. John. Also the "little Gospel" which St. Paul quotes (1 Cor. 11:23-25.)

The regular day for eating the Passover would fall on the Friday (John 18:28). Our Lord had earnestly desered to celebrate this great feast of His nation with His disciples before He suffered (Luke 22:15). But even that was denied Him.

His enemies were crafty and powerful. He knew that the toils were closing round Him. So He anticipates the Feast by a day and, instead of the regular Passover, arranges for this religious and solemn but simple and friendly meal such as they often had taken together during the three years of the Ministry. Now it would take on a specially sacred meaning.

It was the custom of devout Jews to allow pilgrims the use of their guest chambers wherein to celebrate the Passover, so early in the day our Lord sent Peter and John into the city to the house of a friend to make the necessary preparations.

When they went into the city they would see a man bearing a pitcher of water. In the East water as a rule is drawn and carried by women.

"It would be easier to recognize a man thus employed, sent no doubt to fetch the water from Siloam . . . On his return he would cross the path of the two disciples who came from the other side. (Salmond)

As they followed him he "would act as an unconscious guide through the network of narrow and unfamiliar streets to the appointed place". (Swete).

It is not necessary to suppose that our Lord here drew upon His superhuman knowledge. The simple explanation by many commentators of undoubted reverence and othodoxy brings the whole event vividly home to us. We can see our Lord and His disciples using signs and "passwords" of recognition such as have been used by people in danger in all ages and everywhere.

Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here faith can touch and handle things unseen;
Here would I grasp with firmer hand Thy grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

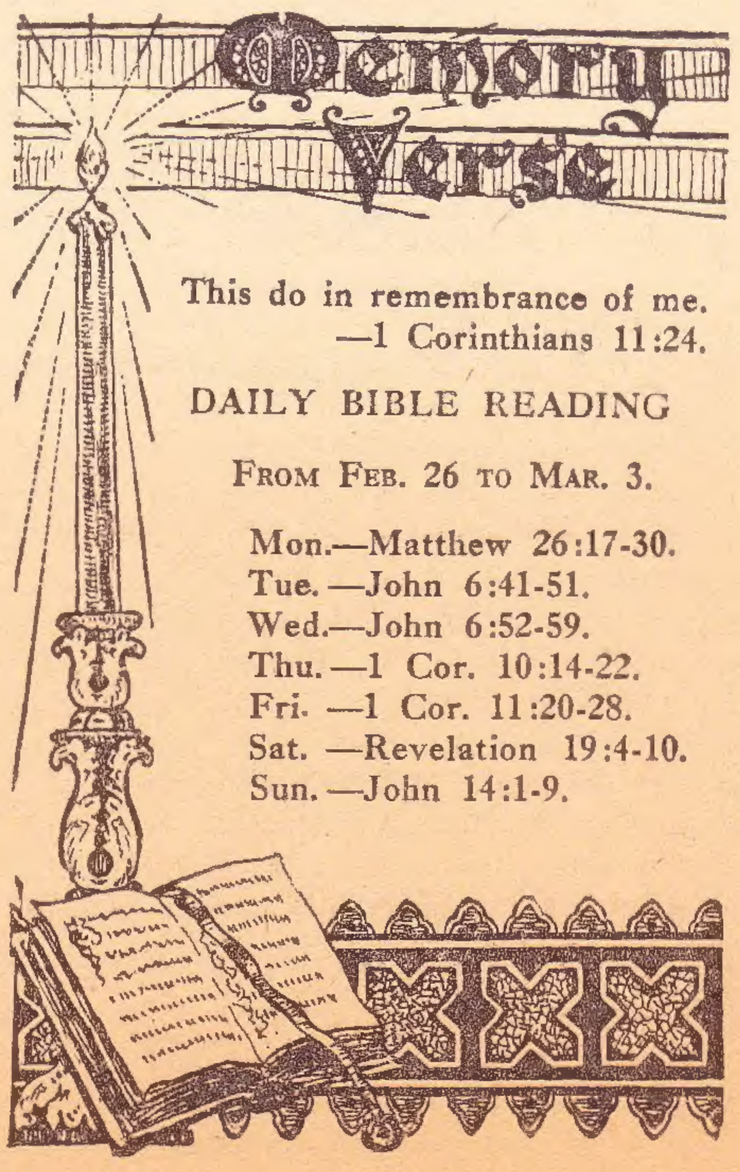
I have no help but Thine: nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed,
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

—Horatius Bonar.

* * *

I hear Thy voice: Thou bidst me come and rest,
I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy pierced feet:
Thou bidst me take my place—a welcome guest
Among Thy saints and of Thy banquet eat.

My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in Thee;
Dwell Thou forever in my heart and there,
Lord let me sup with Thee; sup Thou with me. —Bishop Bickersteth.



Preparing the Passover

TO such a man—evidently known though not named. . . . The man (the householder) was a secret disciple and recognized the command 'The Master saith etc.'." (Marshall).

And when it was evening He cometh with the twelve—we can imagine our Lord and the ten other disciples leaving Bethany towards evening arriving in the city and making their way through the darkening streets.

Soon they were all sitting or rather reclining at table as had come to be the custom at that day.

"It is their last night together and they are saddened and troubled. And He too is burdened in heart. . . . He knew that these tweleve whom He had chosen to be his closest friends would all fail Him—Peter deny—Judas betray—all the rest run away from the danger, and leave Him. How that great love was disappointed then. And *now* also. But He is thinking of their sorrow, not of His own. St. John tells us how He comforted them. (St. John 14: 1). How like Him—never to think of Himself, but only of others.

"Suddenly a startling announcement. 'One of you shall betray me.' Did they suspect Judas? Or each other? (v 22). Wonderful humility and brotherliness. Each only mistrusted himself. Could it possibly be me? Surely none of us would do it! Judas too, asks 'Is it I?' He wants to see if the Lord is as unsuspicious as his brethren. And in a low voice unheard by the others, Jesus answers him. Should not this have startled him into giving up his sin?". (Paterson Smyth).

He that dippeth—no particular one is indicated. It is one of those sharing the meal with Him. Remember that in the East to eat together is a pledge of brotherhod. The thought is that of Psalm 41:9.

"In Remembrance of Me"

THE JEWISH Passover had pointed in type to Him through all the centuries. He was the Lamb who should be slain. Now the type was about to be accomplished and done with. So for Christians He replaces it with a new Festival.

He took plain bread and wine, the ordinary food and drink of the Jewish and Syrian peasant. He blessed them and said "Take eat, this is my body. . . Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the covenant . . ." This was a moment very solemn and with a depth of meaning that it may take us all eter-

(Please turn to Page 8.)

TOTAL ABSTINENCE: DO WE STAND FOR IT?

IN his address as Chairman of the Congregational Union, the Rev. R. W. Thompson, B.A., B.D., said:

Do we no longer stand for total abstinence? I hear it said that abstinence is the wrong ideal to place before youth as their best habit and our best example to them. The right ideal is moderate drinking! Is that really the way? Am I to drink before and with my young people to show them my control of a pleasant and 'harmless indulgence'?

I simply cannot do it. I dare not for my own sake. No one can undertake that he will never become a victim of any drug habit and alcohol is first and last a narcotic drug.

More than that, who can afford that one youth or girl out of ten or a hundred, having fallen a victim, shall ever say, 'When first I was confronted with alcohol at a party or a friend's house I thought—Well, the minister takes it, and so there is no harm for me?' I will not tie my fighting arm.

For a century, up to five years ago, the nation was being increasingly freed from the curse of intemperance. But the last five years has been a period of grievous set-back. Excessive drinking is on the increase; every day some precious young life goes under.

A large part of the hard-won gains of a hundred years are being wiped out before our eyes.

Here is a matter which confronts every girl and boy in the 'teens, long before they can be expected to make up their minds about political or social questions.

Many a man cries out against the present social system when his real enemy is the bookmaker in his pocket and the publican down his throat. Effective fellowship must help the people to resist all evil habits that war against the soul."—Facts and Arguments.

HOW TO LIVE

KNOWING how to live means knowing how to meet the varied challenge of life, and to do it calmly and bravely, patiently and constructively and victoriously. We have not learned, but we need to learn, how to live. And we can learn.

We need therefore to feed ourselves continually on the literature of the heroic spirit. To revel in sentimentalism is to weaken yourself.

To live mentally as well as physically with nothing but commonplace, narrow-minded, self-indulgent people is to train yourself to be like them.

If, on the other hand, you feed your mind on the thought of herioc souls, chivalrous and elevated and noble in all their reactions to life, you stimulate yourself to live in a way that is heroic, chivalrous, elevated, noble.

By the literature of the heroic spirit is not meant books about soldiers on the battlefield, or stories of men who hurl themselves into burning buildings to save helpless babies. People whose daily life is unworthy and even base may rise to something dramatic in an emergency.

The more important tales are those of men and women who, in the ordinary commonplaceness of daily life and having an unceasingly hard battle to fight, have fought that battle unswervingly to the end and never surrendered to despair, never given way to the weakness of self-pity, never ceased to work for the cultivation of the victorious spirit.—Advance.

En Route

(Contributed)

Those old ships had in hold
Rich cargoes from the east:
Ivory, jade, and fruit
For a king's feast.

Sail on splendid sail
Crowding down the sea
With figureheads of bronze and gold
And ebony.

Across the sea of time,
Myself my barque, I roam;
And yet I, too, may bring
Rich cargo home.

Another dream fulfilled,
Another battle won;
Courage and trust well kept
And good deeds done.

—R. H. Grenville.

Victoria, B.C.

GETHSEMANE

(Continued from Page 7.)

nity to fathom. "Communion" means "sharing."

In the East, as we have said, a meal together was a sacred thing. So "Holy Communion" draws us into fellowship with God and with Christ and with fellow Christians everywhere and—I like to think—with fellow Christians in all ages both this side and the other side of "the veil." "He hath made one family there and here one living Communion of seen and unseen."

It is not a subject for controversy but one for humility and deep reverence

Hush every lip, close every book,
The strife of tongues forbear;
Why forward reach or backwards look,
For love that clasps like air?

The letter fails, and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes;
The spirit over-brooding all
Eternal Love remains.

(Whittier)

He said "that it should be a means of receiving spiritual strength, receiving in some wonderful way His own self into our souls . . . You can't undestand al this mystery, but you can understand at least two reasons why people should be regular communicants . . . The first we have mentioned, 'The strengthening and refreshing of our souls' . . . Surely people should not miss that.

"What is the second reason? This: 'Do it always,' He said, 'in remembrance of Me.' 'Don't forget Me. Let this be always the reminder to you of My love, and of the lives I want you to live for me.'" (Paterson Smyth)

"HOLY COMMUNION

OUR Lord said of children that "of such is the kingdom of heaven." As children of Christian parents they already in a very deep sense are members of Christ's church.

You can remind the children that when they are old enough as Christian young people they will "join the Church" publicly confessing their faith and their allegiance to their Saviour. Then they will have the privilege of coming to the Sacrament of Holy Communion. When they do so let them think of the Upper Room and all that Communion meant to the disciples.

But even now as Christian boys and girls they can take in much of its meaning. The Christian lives by sharing in the life of God. We may find God in the everyday things of life and so all life may become a Sacrament.

Matthew, Mark, Luke and Paul all tell of the institution of the Sacrament. John tells us of its inner meaning, "He that cometh unto me shall never hunger and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." "I am the vine ye are the branches . . abide in me and I in you." (John, chapters 6 and 15.)

Paul uses another simile, "But we all . . . reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord are transformed into the same image. . . . " (2 Cor. 3:18 R.V.) The Christian life is "that we may evermore dwell in Him and He in us."

QUESTIONS

1. What was the Passover?
2. Where did our Lord send two of His disciples?
3. What were they to say to the householder?
4. What did our Lord say about being betrayed?
5. What did He say when He took and "blessed and brake the bread"?
6. What did He say when He had "taken the cup and given thanks"?
7. What was the wonderful meaning of this?

(For Answers Please See Page 12).

READERS HAVE MET

GEORGE WARREN "the player from Elmdale" now champion goalie of the Silver Lake "Beavers",
TOM EVANS, captain of the "Beavers", **ALEX CATTLEY**, and **HIRAM WOODARD**, players on the team.
DORIS CARTER, attractive Elmdale girl, and **DICK**, her brother, friends of George.
ROSE WHITE, lively independent sixteen-year-old who resents George's good advice and insists on seeing "the **PARKMAN GIRLS**"—and following their not-so-good leadership
Then comes the match between Elmdale and Silver Lake, and George does not turn up on the team. Slim, one of the players, asks Doris where he is, but she does not know.

SLIM shrugged.

"Oh, nothing is the matter, I guess. Only — the whole thing looks mighty queer. . . I'll have to go now. They're ready to start."

During that second period things went badly for the Beavers. Twice more the Tigers outguessed Alex, shooting in two goals in bewildering swift succession. Elmdale fans cheered wildly. Silver Lake rooters sat in glum, bitter silence.

And in the minds of every fan and player one question reigned supreme: where was Granite Wall Warren?

And now the Beavers, as though not badly enough handicaped already, ran into more bad luck. In a checking play against Doug Shepherd, Tom slipped and fell, gashing his left foot with his right skate. While he went off to have the cut plastered up, Harry Blake substituted. He was not as experienced as Tom, but he knew how much might depend upon his efforts, and he rose to the occasion and played like a veteran. He managed to hold up his end successfully for nine minutes, then Tom came back, gamely continuing play in spite of his painful injury.

But luck had now set strongly against the Beavers. After three more minutes of play the referee called a penalty shot against Silver Lake. He dropped the puck at centre-ice, and Dick Carter, skating from around his own goal, sped down the rink at tremendous speed, caught the puck, flashed on towards the Beaver zone, then, without crossing the blueline, fired the puck home into the enemy goal. A clean, perfect shot!

All further attempts by the Beavers to even the score during the last few minuts of play in that period proved fruitless. Elmdale met their strong assaults with a stonewall defence. When the bell sounded, the Tigers still held a three goal lead.

During the second intermission, in the Silver Lake dressing-room, Tom faced an angry, dispirited group of players. With only one more period to play, their chances for victory seemed depressingly slim. Well in the lead, the Tigers would now take no unnecessary chances. Instead of forcing the play by taking the offensive, the boys in green-and-black would probably content themselves with maintaining that deadly efficient rock-wall defence and would not make serious attempts to tally additional goals unless unusually golden opportunities opened. But the Beavers' only hope to turn defeat into victory would be to take the offensive constantly, playing wide open hockey.

Tom tried to encourage his team urging his players to even greater efforts, but his words failed to arouse their flagging spirits. Every mind still centred upon their absent goalie and their worry about George played havoc with their morale.

Into this area of gloom and resentment, with intermission almost ended, burst George himself. His face was flushed with intense excitement, and he was breathing hard. He gasped anxiously:

"Thought I'd never get here! What's happened? What's the score?"

Alex scowled darkly.

"You should ask! They're three ahead, already. Say, where have you been, anyhow?"

"Yes, where?" echoed Tom. Then, realizing that there was no time now for discussion, he snapped aggressively.

"But, never mind now! You can explain later. Get out on that ice and play for all you're worth. Come on, boys!

And he led his weary squad back on the ice.

The appearance of Ganite Wall Warren in at goal revived the drooping spirits of Silver Lake fans. Doris, too, breathed a sigh of relief. She was still puzzled because of George's failure to arrive in time for the opening of the match, but at least he was here now, well and unharmed.

As play was about to recommence, she smiled and waved to him. He returned her friendly salute, then concentrated upon the game.

Never had he played better than during the final period of that match. Spectators said afterwards that his work in goal was absolutely flawless. Encouraged by his arrival, the Beavers played brilliantly, slipping in two goals in quick succession, then again the Tigers took the offensive and play centred around the Silver Lake net. Again and again, when the Tigers tried to shoot in the puck, George stopped shots that would have driven by any other goalie in the league.

But, although the teamwork of George and the other Beavers prevented Elmdale from marking up another goal, yet, on the other hand, Silver Lake was unable to work in a tying goal. In the final three minutes of play, Tom desperate, yanked George from the goal and put on a six man power drive in a frantic endeavor to draw the match and force the play into overtime. But the Elmdale defence was too strong. Wallace, eager to make up for having failed to keep the Beavers from scoring earlier in the period, played a sterling game—almost as effective as George's own. . . With Tom's men still struggling desperately to break through the bell sounded to end the battle. Elmdale had won!

The Tigers executed a triumphant snake dance. Elmdale supporters cheered themselves hoarse. But that puzzled expression still lingered in Doris Carter's eyes. As the teams skated towards the shack, she stopped George.

"What ever hapened to you tonight?" she demanded curiously. "I began to think you must be ill. What was the matter, George?"

For a moment Granite Wall did not reply, then he answered soberly:

"I'm sorry, Doris, but I can't explain—at least not now. No, I wasn't sick; it was something else. But," and he looked her straight in the eyes, "it was nothing to be ashamed of. I hope that you will believe that."

"Of course I believe it, George," Doris told him. "I'm sure you'd never do anything dishonorable. But, aren't you able to tell me a little more? You're being dreadfully mysterious!"

George shook his head.

"No, I can't explain more just now, Doris," he answered quietly. "I hope that sometime I can tell you everything, but until then, no matter what anyone else says, please try to keep on believing in me. If you'll do that, it'll help a lot."

Her gaze searched his face keenly, and what she saw there satisfied her. He was asking her to have faith in him—a blind unquestioning faith. It was a crucial test of friendship—but she met it unflinchingly.

"All right, George," she answered "I'm sorry you can't clear up everything now, but you must have some

(Please Turn to Page 12.)

DEAR CHUMS,—

How would you like to win a prize and at the same time give a lot of pleasure to a great many people and have a good time yourself? Here is a grand way to do it: I'm sure each of you must know at least one good riddle, maybe two or three. And I'm equally sure that you would be thrilled to share them with all the readers of the Messenger. If you don't know any, ask your older brother or sister or your Dad. They would be glad to help you collect riddles to send in to The Mail Bag. If you can make a collection of six or eight or any number, write them out plainly and mark them "sent in by ——" and get them off to The Mail Bag as soon as you can. All those that are satisfactory will be printed on Page 13 under the heading, "Keep Your Wits Working." (Of course we couldn't print the same one twice if sent in by two different people.) Watch the Messenger for details next week of how you can win a prize by sending in the best set of riddles. You can start working on your set now.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

To Marjorie Burgess from
Marjorie George

Dear Marjorie,—I was very glad to receive another interesting letter from you, and thanks very much.

I was very lucky at Christmas, and had a nice time. I am glad you had a nice Christmas too.

I think 'Pussy Willow' is a very nice name for a cat. 'Boots' is another cute name. My cats are very mischievous. My colt, Nellie is dark bay with black main and tail, and with some white on her face and feet.

You surely must be tall. I am only 5 feet and 1 3-4 inches, and have light brown hair and blue eyes.

One of my favorite winter sports is skiing. What are yours?

I am getting along with my music. How are you getting along? I got three sheets of music for Christmas. They are "Over the Rainbow", "The Merry Land of Oz" and "We're Off To See the Wizard."

How are your baby lambs? They must be cute now. We once had a sheep we called Cutie, her mother died and we fed her with a bottle. She got so that she would follow us nearly everywhere, not omitting the house. That year we tried to train the dog to pull the sleigh, but couldn't. Cutie was bothering us, so we put the harness on her, and she worked fine.

I like reading too, don't you? "The Finding of Lost Mine" was very interesting, and I also liked "Lily's Log Book". Your chum,—Marjorie George.

——: (O) :——

To Margaret Stevenson from
Mary Ellis

Dear Margaret Stevenson,—I am writing you this letter because I saw your name in the Northern Messenger and I think you are my twin. I am also twelve years old; my birthday is July 22nd.

I have seven brothers and five sisters. My brothers' names are George, Raymond, Arthur, Norman, Charlie, Ronald and Gregory, and my sisters are Margaret, Bernice, Opal, Cora, Betty and myself. I do not live very far from school. Our teacher's name is Mr. Thompson. There are 46 pupils on roll. This year there are just grades as far as Grade Nine. I am in Grade Seven. I guess I will say goodbye. Your loving pen-pal,—Mary Ellis, N.B.

——: (O) :——

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my second letter to your very lovely page. First, I will tell a little of myself. I am 14 years old, 5 ft. 5 in. tall, and weigh 128 lbs., brown eyes, black hair, wear glasses and my birthday is on January 23rd (twins, please write).

I go to the public school and am in Grade VIII. My teacher is Mr. Lyall.

The village I live in has a population of about 350 people. The capital of our province of Saskatchewan is Regina and as you know the capital of Canada is Ottawa.

For pets I have a dog, which is black and white and a cat which is grey.

My mother gets the Northern Messenger and I enjoy reading every bit of the magazine. I enjoy "Keep Your Wits Working" and "While the Kettle Sings" very much and some of the stories.

* * * \

BAZAAR LUCK

THE Girls' school was having a Fete of some sort in their grounds. All save three of our Infants' staff had gone over to help in the preparation. I was one of the three who remained; and, between us,

"WELL FANCY THAT!"

we shared the responsibility of minding nine large clases of very excited, children. Time crawled by and lunch hour languidly approached. The missing ones returned and we were told, "The stalls are all up and decorated, and everyone has chosen theirs. You three are to go over and see where you are to help this afternoon." Giving up all hope of our lunch hour, we trailed over to see the girls' mistress. On the way, we noticed stalls nicely decorated and appropriately stocked. We wondered on which our lot would fall. Idle speculation! We faced the Head. "Well girls," she said briskly, "you've come to help. Let me see. All the stalls are taken. But here's a table" (indicating an old warrior from some lumber room), "that will do you for a stall, and here's a cake and twelve oranges. That will do you for a start. Well, I must go, I'm busy." So she went.

It gave us a start all right. We looked at each other. One of us was a hot-headed Irisher. Her hands flew to her hips, and words flew from her lips. "Well! of all the ——. Fancy! an old table like ———. What does she think we can do with ———." Her sentences were unfinished but you can fill in the details.

The sun streamed on us all. The other two of us looked at each other, at the cake, at the twelve oranges and at the old table. But the Irisher got to work. "Here! Where's a knife?" she said desperately.

"Suicide?" we thought fearfully. But no. She jabbed at the cake viciously and cut it into microscopic pieces. Then before our astonished eyes, she began to sell these slices, at one penny each, to the school children, who had gathered curiously round us (as they do round any Punch and Judy show). She cut the oranges in halves and sold them likewise. She dashed round and cadged, or bought, fragments and not-wanteds from the stalls and brought them triumphantly to the old table. By the end of the afternoon, full of admiration, we accompanied her to the Head.

"Well?" queried the latter blandly. "Twenty-five shillings," said the Irisher, "and we've sold out."

The Head looked in astonishment. "I don't know how you did it," she said.—O. Help in N.S.W. Presbyterian.

Two Men

ONCE I met a man whose cold gray eyes held people at a distance. When I shook hands with him I almost shivered. His hand was cold and had no friendliness or vitality in it. It was just as if you had touched a frozen fish.

I found out later that if children got in his way in the street he hit them with his cane and enjoyed telling about it. He lived in a world of his own, a scientific, detached world that no one could enter except those who could be of service for the moment. He was well off as regards money but in reality he was one of the poorest of men, for his heart was selfish and cold and he didn't believe in God—or a Hereafter!

Another man was stout and cheery and he had an infectious laugh that made you want to hear the joke. When driving his car he never passed an old person or a crying child on the road. Not well off, he gave of himself freely. Of his willing, capable hands when people were in difficulties and of his sturdy, honest advice when anyone asked it.

He gave love and kindness and it flowed back to him. When trouble came he was the first to ask "What can I do to help?" This man was rich for he believed in a loving God—and *served* Him!—A. C.

means to me. You're wonderful!"

He might have said more, but just then Tom signaled to him to join the others. Reluctantly, he followed the team manager into the building.

In the dressing-room, he found himself the centre of attention. But tonight the glances of his team mates were not friendly and admiring—but were cold and distrustful.

The very fact that after he had entered the game the Tigers had failed to chalk up another score only seemed to make the squad more bitterly resentful. For, the players felt, had George been there all through the match Silver Lake could have won.

For a few minutes there was an ominous silence, then Tom spoke:

"And now, Granite Wall, we all want an explanation. Why were you so late showing up tonight?"

"Yes," snapped Alex, "if you've any excuses, let's hear them. They'd better be good!"

A growl of assent ran around the circle of tired, angry players. Every eye fixed upon George in stern, cold interrogation.

He felt a lump in his throat. He was on trial now. And, Alex was right. His excuses would need to be good. Yes—but what could he say?

He faced the boys resolutely.

"I'm sorry," he told them, "but I can't explain right now. I know what some of you must be thinking—that I deliberately let down the team tonight. But, if you believe that, you're wrong. I meant to have been here on time—but something hindered me. That's all I can say."

It was a lame defence, and George knew it. He waited miserably.

Again, for a few moments, there was a stony silence.

"Do you mean," Tom's voice was caustic, "that you refuse to tell the team where you were tonight and what you were doing? You can't mean that, surely?"

George nodded soberly.

"I'm afraid that's exactly what I do mean, Tom," he admitted. "I wish I could tell you more, but I can't—not just now."

Then came a chorus of angry protest:

"Sounds mighty thin to me!"

"Maybe Alex wasn't so far wrong, after all!"

"That's not good enough. You've got to explain more fully."

"You've let the whole team down impossible for you to get here on time tonight? Could you have made it if you had tried?"

All waited anxiously for Granite Wall's answer. If he replied that it had been absolutely impossible for him to have played in the opening period, some of the squad might feel less antagonistic. Otherwise—

"No, Tom," George's voice was husky. "I can't say that I couldn't have reached here in time. I stayed away because it seemed necessary."

Until then Tom had remained patient, but now the thin leash holding his temper snapped.

"Well, I guess that settles it! If you could have got here, and didn't—you're a traitor! You knew how much we counted on winning that game, and you let us down. Do you call that loyalty?"

Tom stepped closer. He spoke harshly: "I'll give you one last chance. You can do one of two things. Either explain why you kept away from the game—or turn in your uniform!"

George's face was set in straight, hard lines. He faced the team manager squarely.

"In that case, I've no choice," he answered. "I can't explain why I stayed away. So—I suppose I'm through."

"You're right that you're through!" exclaimed Tom hotly. "And that doesn't just mean that you're through as a player, either; it means we're through as chums. I'm sort of particular about whom I pal with, Warren."

George winced as if cut by a whip lash. Could this be Tom, the friend who had stood by him so staunchly until now? Yes, but a new Tom, a scarcely recognizable one. It was hard to realize that this cold-voiced, stern-faced boy was his former chum.

Well, thought George unhappily, there was nothing he could do about it. Not now, anyway. And, of course, Tom felt that he had a right to be angry. The loss of the game might also mean the loss of the cup.

Yet, despite that, George was disappointed. He had expected that Alex and some of the other players would turn against him. But Tom had been his best pal. Even although he could not explain what had happened, could not Tom, like Doris, have taken him on trust?

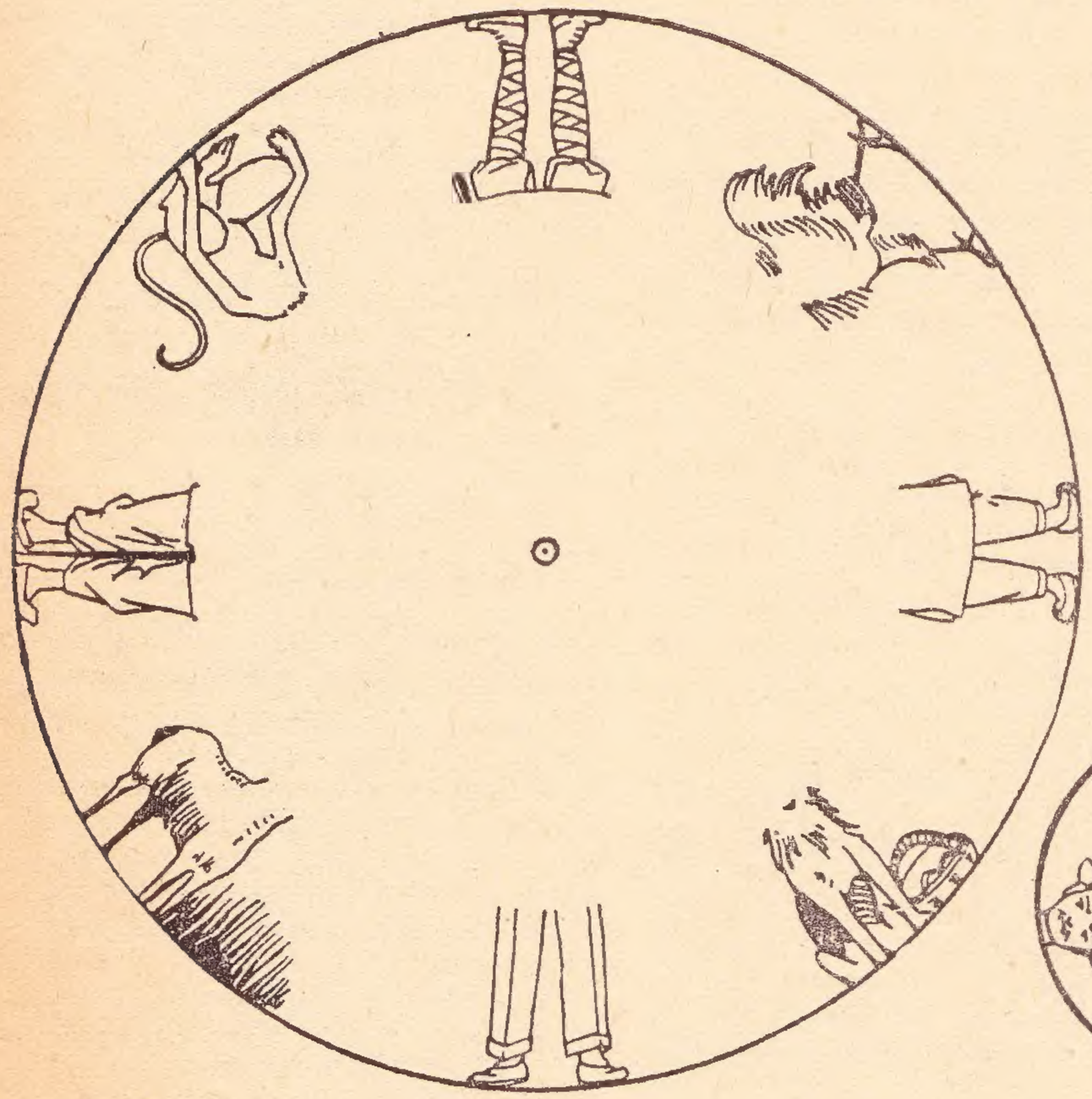
(To Be Continued).

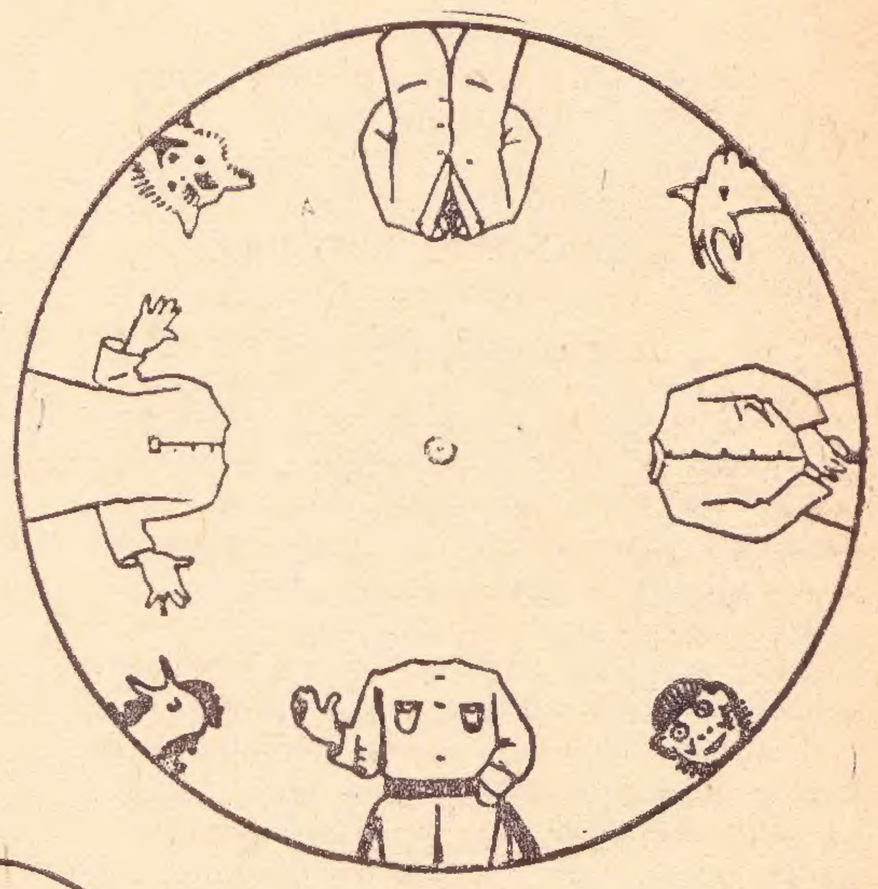
"The best way to break a bad habit is to drop it."

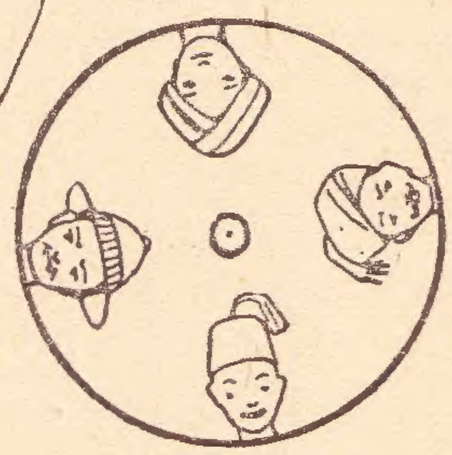
Keep your WITS WORKING

Time!

Two small boys were seen gazing earnestly in the window of a jeweller's shop. Their eyes were glued on a clock ticking away in the corner. Suddenly one turned to his companion shouting, "Come on, now, time". Reluctantly the second boy took the "bull's eye" from his mouth and passed it on.







"Round and Round" Puzzle

Try, by turning these three circles, to complete the figures partially shown on each.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Riddles Old and New.—1. H. M. King George VI and Mr. MacKenzie King. 2. Preserved pears (pairs). 3. When the rain is dripping. 4. Because one is a rash thing and the other is a rasher. 5. Because it is worn out when its told (tolled) a few times. 6. When it is re-seated (receipted).

Names.—1. Brussels (Belgium). 2. Finland. 3. Malta (The cross borne by the 'Knights of St. John' who had their headquarters in Malta.) 4. Calcutta (India). 5. Leghorn (Italy). 6. Cashmere or Kashmir (India).

Lines.—1. Sweep through her marble halls! (Hymn to the Night). 2. We can make our lives sublime. (A Psalm of Life). 3. Was glorious with ... march. (Sunrise on the Hills). 4. Well dost thou thy power display! (Spring). 5. It rains and the wind is never weary. (The Rainy Day). 6. Bearded with moss, and in garments green indistinct in the twilight. (Evangeline.)—All these poems are by H. W. Longfellow.

Bible Numbers.—1. 40; 2. 7; 3. 30; 4. 12; 5. 12; 6. 12.

WITCH DOCTORS

Every fourth player is a Witch Doctor, distinguished by badge or mark. They go round "bewitching" others by touching them. Those bewitched must stand still but can be released by being touched by "free" players. Set time limit. If all are not bewitched within the time the Witch Doctors lose.

SHIPWRECK

Players are huddled together. They are on a wrecked ship. Between them and land is raging sea. Only way of escape is a "reef of rocks", (chair, bundle of newspapers, large circle, small circle, etc.). Must come ashore quickly one by one and not step off reef. Points given those who reach shore successfully.

Sam: My little sister has the measles.

Jim: Oh! so has mine.

Sam: Well, I'll bet you my little sister has more measles than yours has.

SECRETS OF THE SUN

(Continued from Page 16.)

very carefully, and the effect, if any, is comparatively small. The general action of the Sun in producing circulation in the atmosphere is well known. We know, too, how beneficial the Sun's light and heat are to those of us who live in cold climates. In hotter countries exposure to the Sun can be overdone, and careless people may get sunstroke.

NEXT ARTICLE
EARTH'S NEAREST NEIGHBOUR

Be sure to turn to Page 16 and read the beginning of this article.

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A DINNER MENU

Cream of Celery Soup
Baked Brook Trout or Butterfish
with Lemon and Parsley
Potato Balls Buttered Limas
Stuffed Tomato Salad
Banana Royal Tea

BAKED TROUT

Here is one of the newest and simplest ways of cooking small fish: Have the fish cleaned and the heads removed at the market. Rinse quickly in cold water, dry and sprinkle inside and out with salt and pepper and a few drops of lemon juice. Cut brown wrapping paper or cooking parchment into rectangular pieces, allowing room for it to cover the fish. Spread with butter or other fat. Lay each fish on its piece of paper, folding the edges over twice and pin in several places. Lay the fish on the rack and bake in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Unpin carefully, slide the fish onto a hot platter, pouring any of the sauce around them and garnish liberally with watercress and lemon. A fruit appetizer or fruit dessert should accompany this entree.

BANANA ROYAL

1 package orange rennet powder
4 pieces sponge cake (left-over cake may be used)
1 pint milk
1 banana

Place the pieces of cake (about two inches square or smaller) in the bottom of the dessert dishes. Make rennet-custard and pour immediately over pieces of cake. Let set until firm—about 10 minutes. Then chill in refrigerator. When ready to serve, put slices of banana on top of each rennet-custard.

LIMA CROQUETTES

2 cups cooked, dried Limas
1 tablespoon tomato catsup
¼ teaspoon powdered sage
1 cup fine dry bread crumbs
½ cup cream
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 egg, slightly beaten
¼ teaspoon poultry seasoning

Rub Limas through a coarse strainer. Add crumbs, cream, salt, pepper, sage and egg. Shape in the form of small cylinders. Roll in crumbs, dip in 1 egg beaten with 2 tablespoons cold water and again roll in crumbs. Fry in deep hot fat (390 degrees F.) until brown, then drain on soft paper. Place on serving plate and garnish with rings of fried apple.

Cultivated Appreciation

HILDA RICHMOND

A COUSIN who dropped in for a short call, volunteered, on leaving, to deliver messages, parcels or even the twins, to their grandmother in the town to which she was going. Of course the hostess availed herself of the privilege of sending to her mother words of encouragement and greeting, but she said the children would not to able to go on account of school. However, the twins had some gifts for their dear grandmother and would be much pleased to have a chance to send them.

The visitor was inclined to smile when she saw the array of gifts: a small bag of candy, a rather forlorn geranium in a pot, a ring from the ten-cent store, a new lead pencil and various other trifles representing small sums which the visitor knew had been hard to save up. When the children went out to fill a basket with apples to add to the collection, the guest asked if the mother did not think it a little too exacting to require her children to give when giving was really a sacrifice. No doubt Dottie would

enjoy the candy, and the new pencil would be what Don would need in school, but there they were, going to a person who probably would not value them at all except as coming from dear grandchildren.

"Yes, she will value them," answered her cousin, "and she'll eat the candy and write Dottie how much she enjoyed it. You see she brought up her flock both to enjoy giving and **to show appreciation** for favors received, and I'm trying to follow in her fotsteps. I'm so glad she taught us to give of what we had and to say what we could say, though in a childish way, to express either sympathy, welcome or thankfulness, for those lessons cling."

"But children learn those things later in life so why not let them feel free from all obligation now?" queried the guest. "I write 'thank-you' notes at Christmas and birthdays for my three children and provide the gifts for them to send to their grandparents and others. I get suitable and beautiful things that I know the relatives will like and can use. It seems to me a waste of money to let children do their own choosing, particularly when money is not plentiful as happens to be the case just now."

Before the hostess could answer the visitor had her reply in the words and actions of the perspiring twins tugging the basket of apples between them. "Please tell Grandmother that we picked these apples ourselves, and tell her we thank her for the good things she sent us last week," said the puffing Don. "Yes, and tell her I earned the pennies myself for the pencil by sweeping the walk and running erands."

"And please tell her 'thank you' for me," added Dottie. "The candy is from me. It's awful good. Tell her I didn't take a single piece out of the bag. And the very first letter I write when I learn how in school is to be for Grandfather and Grandmother. Please don't forget that!"

"And did you have a good time getting these things ready?" asked the visitor.

"Of course," cried the youngsters. "We like to do things for Grandfather and Grandmother."

The visitor helped load the things into the automobile and over the children's heads she said, "Well, Mary, I have always tried to appreciate and share my blessings, but I have never tried to teach my children these things. But it isn't too late to begin. I see that I have cheated them out of something very precious and enjoyable—but live and learn. Goodbye, children! I think your gifts are very, very nice, and I'll remember to give all the messages you are sending."

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th St., New York City.)

"No gains without pains."

Mount up to fath's hilltop from which new visions are gained.

"No boy is well prepared for rough climbing unless he is well shod with Christian principles."

Northern Messenger

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 23, 1940.

LORD TWEEDSMUIR— CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN

CANADA has been fortunate in the long line of distinguished men whom the Dominion has had as Governors-General, but there has been none whom our people have regarded with more affection than the great and good man to whom we bade farewell the other day, John Buchan, Baron Tweedsmuir.

Lord Tweedsmuir sprang from that Scottish stock which has done so much to build up Canada. Someone has said that the two basic elements of the Scottish character are "parrich and carrich" —"porridge and catechism." Put in more pretentious but less vivid phrase this means "plain living and high thinking." This in a marked degree was John Buchan's heritage.

He was a "son of the manse" and throughout a life of many and varied interests and set in many and varied scenes, he retained as its centre and controlling influence, a deep and genuine personal religion.

His life should be an inspiration to every boy and girl in Canada. He was born and lived among plain people and possessed no "advantage" of wealth or influence. It was by sheer ability reenforced by great industry that he gained his way to the front ranks of scholarship and afterwards became a trusted adviser in matters of Imperial and international concern.

Before John Buchan came to Canada as Lord Tweedsmuir, many of us knew him by his books. His stories are of 'hair-breadth 'scapes and moving accidents by flood and field." They carry on the fine tradition of his countrymen, Sir Walter Scott and Robert Louis Stevenson. Like all great story-tellers, he wrote at once for his own recreation and for the entertainment of others. Some of his stories were written with the primary purpose of amusing his fellow-soldiers in the Great War.

They must not be judged by their "screen" versions, which in one instance at least has utterly spoilt a very fine story.

Other writings came from John Buchan's industrious pen. There were state papers, there is a standard history of the Great War and there are a series of biographies, "Sir Walter Raleigh", "Julius Caesar", "Montrose", "Cromwell", "Augustus", "Sir Walter Scott" and others which by their life-like portrait painting and their charm of narrative make the dead past live again. "The King's Grace" was a fine tribute to King George V. on his Silver Jubilee. "A Book of Escapes and Hurried Journeys" is a delightful little volume telling the stories of a number of stirring adventures of the last three hundred years.

Most of us know Lord Tweedsmuir best as one of ourselves.

From his inception as Governor-General, Lord Tweedsmuir took a keen interest in Canada, her people and their problems. He travelled more widely in the Dominion than any of his predecessors. The path of a Governor-General is hedged in by many constitutional limitations. Lord Tweedsmuir never entrenched on these. But through his tact and charm his wide experience of men and nations became available and welcome to men of all parties.

Lord Tweedsmuir was in much demand as a speaker and responded generously. His English was simple and crystal clear. His addresses showed close study and deep interest in each several subject.

He was especially ready to help all good causes. One of the last acts of his life was to prepare an address which he was to broadcast in aid of the fight against tuberculosis.

Much of Lord Tweedsmuir's work was accomplished under severe physical handicap. Never a robust man, his health during the last year or two had furnished ground for anxiety. But duty had ever been his watchword and it was so to the end.

He will be remembered with affection by all Canadians. He was a Christian gentleman, a "good and faithful servant" of God and of his fellow-men. He was one to whom many talents were entrusted and one who made noble use of them.

"You Knew Us All . . "

AT a Memorial Service held at the Montreal Neurological Institute at the same time as the funeral service in Ottawa, Dr. Penfield and other doctors joined in tribute to the heroic life which they had worked so hard to save. At the close, Dr. Molly Harrower-Erickson read a poem describing the manner in which Lord Tweedsmuir had acquainted himself with all phases of Canadian life. The poem concludes:

You knew us all, our races, customs, creeds,
You tuned your wisdom to concern our needs,
The highest form of service man can give
You gave our country; may that spirit live.
You cannot leave us now; our destinies are one,
For through the legacies that you have penned
Our country's course will broaden and mature.
And in our land, our homes, ourselves
That which you lived and worked for will endure.
Your torch we proudly carry, your heritage defend,
Scholar, historian, statesman; and, to this people, friend.

U.K. Allows Volunteers to Help Finland.

IT is interesting to note that Britain on February 14 gave her citizens formal permission to volunteer to fight for Finland against Soviet Russia. We might almost say that the frontiers of civilization are now in Finland, and this action of the British Government demonstrates a far-sighted policy. Osborne Peake, Under-Secretary for Home Affairs, announced the decision in reply to questions in the House of Commons.

The Government's action gives official sanction to the enlistment of British volunteers for the Finnish forces which has been under way on a considerable scale for some time.

Some Secrets of the Sun

Great Globe of Gas: Heat Measured in Millions of Degrees Holds Most Elements Known on Earth.

By Sir Frank Dyson, F.R.S.

(late Astronomer-Royal)

(The second of our series of monthly articles on "What Are the Stars?")

WITHOUT any aid, we can see that the Sun is a very hot body, and a great distance away, and therefore very large. But a small telescope soon shows something more.

In 1608 Galileo pointed his "optic-glass" on the Sun and was astonished to find dark spots on its surface. Watching these spots on succeeding days, he saw that they crossed the Sun's disc. Thinking about the meaning of this fact, he concluded that the Sun spins on axis just as the Earth does and takes 27 days to make a complete rotation. With that, let us leave Sun-Spots for the moment.

The determination of the Sun's distance has been a great problem for thousands of years. Greek astronomers put it at five million miles. Later, astronomers gradually realized that it was much further away, but the distance was not definitely measured till 1672 by French astronomers.

It is 93 million miles away, and its distance is known to one part in 2,000. The method of calculation employed is that of the surveyor who wants to find the distance of an inaccessible object. The two stations on the Earth are chosen, a good way apart—say the Observatories of Greenwich and the Cape of Good Hope—and the exact angular position of the Sun determined at both of them. Then, as the distance between the observatories is known, that of the Sun can be found.

* * *

A FAR more accurate method is to triangulate, in the same way, the distance of a planet which is known to be say one fifth of the Sun's distance from us. The small planet Eros came to a distance of 16 million miles from the Earth in 1931 and photographs of it, and the surrounding stars, were taken from many observatories.

It is quite easy now to get an idea of the size of the Sun. A disc one foot in diameter and 107 feet distant will just cover the Sun. Its diameter is therefore ninety-three million miles divided by 107. This works out at 880,000 miles or about 110 times the diameter of the Earth.

Why does the Earth go round the Sun? Because the Sun pulls the Earth towards it. If you tie a stone at the end of a string you can swing it round, but if the string is cut or breaks the stone will fly off.

Similarly, if the Sun and Earth did not attract one another they would soon separate. Newton showed how the attraction is the force of gravitation inherent in matter which causes a stone to fall to the Earth. He discovered and investigated the law of gravitation completely.

From the known distance of the Sun and the time in which the Earth revolves about it, (one year), he calculated that the Sun was 330,000 times as massive as the Earth. As the Sun's diameter is 110 times that of the Earth, its volume is 1,331,000 times as great, and thus its average density is only about a quarter of that of the Earth, or about one and a half times that of water.

What the Prism Tells:

IF the light of the Sun is passed through a prism of glass it is divided into a coloured band from violet to red. It is strongest in the yellow, and it is inferred from this fact that the temperature of the Sun from near its surface is about 6,000 degrees centigrade. At such a temperature, all known bodies are vapourized. But though the Sun is pouring out heat and light with great prodigality, its store is so great that it has lasted for thousands of millions of years.

The Sun is, in fact, a great globe of gas which gets hotter continuously towards the centre where its heat attains several millions of degrees. Near the surface, the gas is much more tenuous than air, but the density, pressure and temperature increases inwards. The high temperature increases the elastic pressure of the gas which is thus able to sustain the great weight.

The band of colour seen when Sunlight is passed through a prism in a suitable manner is found to be crossed by a number of dark lines. These were first discovered in 1814 by Fraunhofer, and we now number them by many thousands. Each line has its own wave-length and frequency of vibration.

* * *

THESE terms have exactly the same meaning as they have in the electric waves of a "wireless" set. The only difference is that the wave-lengths are very much shorter, and the frequency very much greater. More than a thousand of these lines agree in wave length with the bright lines produced by vapourized iron. Why they are dark in the Sun would take too long to explain, but there is no doubt they indicate the presence of iron in the Sun's vapours. Actually, 70 of the 92 elements known on the Earth are found in the Sun. They include: hydrogen, ovygen, nitrogen, sodium, silicon, aluminium, iron, nickel.

By restricting the light to a particular wave-length, which corresponds to "tuning in" a wireless set, Lockyer and Janssen succeeded 70 years ago in seeing the great flames of hydrogen sticking out on the edge of the Sun. This method has been developed, and these flames are photographed regularly. More than that, an atmosphere due to calcium over the Sun's surface is now photographed without difficulty. For technical reasons only the calcium and hydrogen atmospheres can be photographed.

Electrified Particles:

THESE flames of hydrogen are related to the spots on the Sun in a way not entirely understood. They are numerous when Sun spots are frequent, and have a remarkable cycle every 11 years.

At times, the Sun is almost free from spots and flames, or "prominences" as they are called. Thus both spots and prominences gradually increase, come to a maximum, fall away somewhat more rapidly, and begin over again. Sometimes the spots are large enough to be seen with the naked eye through darkened glass. They are often much larger than the Earth.

They are thought to be great whirlpools, and the expansion of the gas near the Sun's surface cools them down to a temperature of 3,000 degrees centigrade, and so they appear dark by contrast.

Dr. Hale, a very distinguished American astronomer, discovered that Sun spots are centres of strong magnetic fields, of intensity comparable with that between the poles of the largest dynamos. This discovery is of great importance because it has been known for 50 years that magnetic storms which interfere with the efficient working of telegraphs and telephones are much more frequent at the time when Sun spots are near their maximum. Aurorae are most frequent at the same time.

The fading of wireless signals is also found to occur simultaneously with violent eruptions on the Sun. It would seem that the higher atmosphere of the Earth is affected by something from the Sun, possibly an eruption of ultra-violet light or of electrified particles from the Sun.

It is natural to ask whether there is any change in the heat which the Earth derives from the Sun in cycles of 11 years. This has been studied

(Please turn to Page 13.)